Bish. Now ye haue brought me heete into the Tower,
You may go backe vnto the Porters lodge,
Where if I haue occasion to employ you,
Ile send some officer to call you to me.
Into the City go not, I command you,
Perhaps I may haue present neede to vse you.

2. We will attend your honor heere without.

3. Come, wee may haue a quart of wine at the Rose at Barking, and come backe an houre before he'l go.

1. We must hie vs then.

3. Let's away. *Exit*

Bish. Ho, M. Lieutenant.

Lieu. Who cals there?

Bish. A friend of yours.

Liou. My Lord of Rochester? your honors welcome.

Bish. Sir, here's my warrant from the counsell,
For conference with sir Iohn Old-castle,
Vpon some matter of great consequence.

Lieu. Ho, sir Iohn.

Har. Who cals there?

Lieu. Harpoole, tell sir Iohn, that my Lord of Rochester
Comes from the counsell to confer with him.

Lieu, I thinke you may as safe without suspition,
As any man in England as I heare,
For it was you most labour'd his commitment.

Bish. I did sir, and nothing repent it I assure you.

Enter sir Iohn Oldcastle.

M. Lieutenant I pray you giue vs leaue,
I must confer heere with sir Iohn a little.

Lieu. With all my heart my Lord.

Har, aside. My Lord be rul'd by me, take this occasion while it is offered, and on my life your Lordship wil escape

Cob. No more I say, peace lest he should suspect it.

Bish. Sir Iohn, I am come to you from the Lordes of the Counsell, to know if you do recant your errors.

Cob. My Lord of Rochester on good aduice

I see my error; but yet vnderstand me,
I meane not error in the faith I holde,
But error in submitting to your pleasure,
Therefore your Lordship without more to do,
Must be a meanes to helpe me to escape.

Bish. What meanes thou heretike?
Darst thou but lift thy hand against my calling?

Cob. No not to hurt you for a thousand pound.

Har. Nothing but to borrow your vpper garments
tle, not a word more, peace for waking the children; th
put them on, dispatch my Lord, the window that goes
into the Leads is sure enough: and as for you, Ile bind
surely in the inner roome.

Cob. This is well begun, God send vs happy speed,
Hard shift you see men make in time of neede.

Enter seruingmen againe.

1 I maruell that my Lord should stay so long.

2 He hath sent to seeke vs, I dare lay my life.

3 We come in good time, see where he is comming

Har. I beseech you good my Lord of Rochester, b
uourable to my Lord and master.

Cob. The inner roomes be verie hot and close,
I do not like this aire heere in the Tower.

Har. His case is hard my Lord: you shall safely get
the Tower, but I will downe vpon them, in which tim
you away. Hard vnder Islington waite you my comm
will bring my Lady readie with horses to get hence.

Cob. Fellow, go backe againe vnto thy Lord, and co
him.

Har. Nay my good Lord of Rochester, Ile bring you
Albons through the woods I warrant you.

Cob. Villaine away.

Har. Nay since I am past the Towers libertie, *He*
You part not so.

Bish. Clubs, clubs, clubs.

1 Murther, murther, murther.